

S3 *HYMNS OF*
ASTRMA.

567

HYMN VI I I.

To all the Princes of
*Europe**

E UROPE ! the Earth's sweet Paradise !
L et all thy Kings (that would be wise
I n Politic Devotion)
S ail hither, to observe her eyes,
A nd mark her heavenly motion !
B rave Princes of this civil Age !
E nter Into this pilgrimage ! 'T
his Saint's tongue is an Oracle!
H er eye hath made a Prince a
page; A nd works, each day, a
miracle!
R aise but your looks to her, and
see E ven the true beams of
Majesty ! G reat Princes, mark
her duly! I f all the world you
do survey, N o forehead spreads
so bright a ray ; A nd notes a
Prince, so truly !

HYMN

IX, To

FLORA.

E MPRESS of Flowers ! Tell, where
away L ies your sweet Court, this
merry May? I n Greenwich garden
alleys ! S ince there the Heavenly
Powers do play, A nd haunt no other
valleys.

B EAUTY, VIRTUE, MAJESTY, E
loquent MUSES, three times
three, T he new fresh HOURS
and GRACES H ave pleasure
in this place to be, A bove all
other places.

R oses and lilies did them draw,
E re they, divine ASTR/EA saw :
G ay flowers, they sought for pleasure,
I nstead of gathering Crowns of
Flowers*
N ow, gather they ASTR^A'S dowers,
A nd bear to heaven, that treasure.